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THE STUFFED PENGUIN.

THERE is something remarkably life-like in all the sketches of the late Tony Johannot, so picturesque and still so truthful, that they always have found ready admirers in all who have looked upon them. Whatever subject he undertook, he executed with a fidelity and beauty seldom equalled and rarely surpassed. The engraving which we now present is from one of his inimitable drawings, full of the force and vigour which distinguishes the whole of his works. The picture tells its own story. There, with wrinkled brow and long grey locks, is the old naturalist, surrounded by his treasures, regarding them with greater pleasure than ever miser looked upon his gold. He has invited a few young friends to examine his exhibition, and is pointing out the numerous stuffed birds

name, and general characteristics of every bird in the collection—his memory is a complete treatise on ornithology, and he talks like a book.

Meanwhile, the old man has resolved upon presenting to his fair visitors some token of regard, something that they may preserve as a memento of their visit. He has pointed out to one of his young friends a screech owl, with tawny wings and of frightful aspect, but she has shrunk back, half afraid to touch the horrible monster, and politely declined its acceptance; she would not—so she says—spoil so valuable a collection. Still the old man is unwilling to let them depart without some present: the lyre bird is there in all its beauty, the swan with its white and delicate plumage,



CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY. FROM A DRAWING BY TONY JOHANNOT.

which form his collection, arranged with an air of picturesque, but withal fantastic, beauty. The old man is proud of the show; it has been the object of his life; every leisure hour has been devoted to it; he has collected with discriminating care, prepared with critical accuracy, arranged with the eye of a connoisseur, and now he looks upon it as complete.

Great variety of expression is thrown into every countenance. The boy shrinks back with an instinctive terror as he passes before an eagle, who is leaning forward in a manner terrible to behold; the little girl is contemplating the fine plumage of the peacock, bright with red and gold and purple, and claps her hands together with a cry of admiration; the old man is looking as he fully enjoyed the opportunity, as he explains all about the species, nature, habits, country,

the peacock in rainbow hues, parrots, and ravens, and humming birds; but the visitor still declines, until at length her attention is arrested by a fine specimen of the penguin.

"That," says the old man, "I cannot offer you; nature has bestowed upon it neither grace nor beauty, which could alone entitle it to a place in your saloon."

But the visitor gazes upon it with a gesture of unaffected surprise. It has awakened memories deep and tender—brought to her recollection the stories which a brother used to tell of chasing the penguin, a brother who is far away in the northern seas,—she has heard from him of the bird, and to her it possesses more value than all the rest of the collection; it has a grotesque, strange figure, but the penguin is her choice.